Vol. III. Numb. 58.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Foreign News. Of the Siege of Landau. *Of Wagering about the Taking of that Town. Wagering reprehended. Of the Affairs of* Sweden *and* Poland. *Remarks on the same. The* Dutchmans *Case against the* Lamp-Men. *The* Observator's *Advise thereon. The Case of the* Pipe-Maker *in* White-Chappel, *with Advise thereon.*

From **Saturday** October the 7th, to **Wednesday** October the 11th, 1704.

Obs. WHAT say you now, Honest *Country-man?* Have you got any News?

Country-m. I have got some News; but I don't know whether you and I had best talk of News; for the more we talk of it, the more Enemies we make our selves: I am sure we talk for the Government, but they say we talk against the People Employ'd by the Government.

Obs. No: If I see one Employ'd by the Government going to Burn the Queens Palace, or to Blow up one of Her Magazines, must I not speak of it? I am sure, if I do not, I am in a Confederacy with him; for *Qui non Probibet Malum quod potest, facit.* He that does not prevent a Mischief, when it is in his Power to do it, is, in a great Measure, the Author of that Mischief. But, prithee, let us hear a little News, we'll Whisper so about it, that all the Nation shall hear it.

Country-m. The Letters by the *Holland* Mails say, That *Landau* is not yet Surrender'd or Taken; and so the Wagerers are in a sad condition that laid it would be Taken by the Second of this Month: The King of the *Romans* is in the Army, and our People are Advanced towards a thing with a hard Name; 'tis a Counter something.

Obs. The Counterscarp, I suppose.

Country-m. Aye, Aye, that thing I mean; and they say that the Besieged have made some Mines in our way; and our Mole-Fellows are Working under Ground to Countermine 'em. For my part I don't understand these Fortifications; I know well enough how to Storm the Walls of a Goose-Pye: I love a Bag-Pudding, Bomb'd out of a Pot; and think an Apple Dumpling the best sort of *Grenado* in the World. Rope take those Fellows that first Invented Powder and Shot; the Devil was their School-Master: The Folk in that Town have a fine time on't; They tell me it has been Taken two or three times already. People that are pleas'd with new Faces will meet with abundance of Pleasure in that Town; but who'll Pay the Ale-House Scores is a great Question?

Obs. Indeed, Honest *Country-man*, the People of that Town are under dismal Circumstances, and we ought, when we think of it, to thank Almighty God, and the good Conduct of the Government, that we have not a Town in *England* in such a condition. We have many now among us that Grumble at the Payment of Taxes; who, if they could but peep into that Town, and see there the horrid Aspect of War; the Houses Burning and Shatter'd; the People running to Caverns and Cellars for Safety, and even there not safe from the Messengers of Death, in the Hellish Womb of Bombs; no Man sure of Life, but every Minute in danger of Losing it: No Peace to the Mind; no Sleep to the Eyes, but a continued Scene of Horror and Distraction; Amazement and Confusion run in a Circle; one Object of Death jostles another in its way to Security; and Despair sits on every Countenance; I say could *English-men* see but these black Scenes of War, they would be more Thankful for the Blessings they enjoy: That our Husbandmen can Plow their Ground; Sow their Corn; Reap their Harvest; Enjoy the Fruits of their Lands, and the Product of their Flocks in Safety; and our Tradesmen can sit in their Shops, and call their Goods their own.

But, methinks, this Wagering about the Taking of Towns has so very ill a Face, that I cannot forbear taking Notice of its Cloudy Countenance: These Men lay Wagers on the Heads of our Soldiers, as they do on their Bull-Dogs in the *Bear-Garden*: Nay, do they not lay Wagers on the Head of Providence it self, which alone determines the Success of War, and the time of Victory: It would be more Acceptable to God, and more Beneficial to the Nation, if these Men would retire into their Closets to Pray for our Success, than to Boast and Wager of it before it comes: But, I suppose, this new Wheel of Fortune is Erected in the room of Lotteries, suppres'd by Law.

'Tis an easie matter to beat Armies, and take Towns, over a Pipe of Tobacco in a Coffee-House; and they had a wonderful Guess at the Taking of Towns, who Wager'd *Landau* would be Taken by the second Instant. I never yet knew *English* Courage fail, but after two such Bloody Engagements, such hard Marches, and Fatigues of War. We cannot expect Men should perform Impossibilities. I suppose these Men take the Walls of *Landau* to be made of the same Materials with thy Goose-Pye; they don't consider it is one of the strongest Fortifications in *Europe*; they don't imagine the difficulty of the Season of the Year, and how uncomfortable it is for the Officers and Soldiers to stand up to the middle in Water, in the Trenches; they make no Provisions against Rains, which fills Trenches, and Quagmires the Earth: These Coffee-House Fighters are the most Expeditious Men in the World.

We may believe, from the Circumstances of Affairs, that *Landau* will be Taken, but if it be Taken by the Fifth of *November*, I think our Commanders have done as much as can be expected from Men.——What other News hast got?

Country-m. You may be sure *Poland* (a Country that has two Kings, and I can't tell how many Armies) can never be Barren of News; the Folks there are become all Scythesmen, they Mow one another down like Hay; one Party is for King *Augustus*, and the other Party is for t'other

t'other hard Nam'd King, I don't know who. The King of *Sweden* is as hot as ever, and the Popes Nuncle is endeavouring to bring off the Cardinal *Primate*, who is very unwilling to go to *Rome* for fear he ſhould be forc'd to take a Pellat out of the Popes Pill-Box; for they ſay his Holineſs is a Confounded Phyſician, and that his Infernal Pill will work any Body into a good Humour.

Obſ. I wiſh he would Doſe his Children, the *Jacobites* in *England*, with that Pill, for they are as Peeviſh and Spleenatick as ſo many Sick Monkeys.

Country-m. He has Dos'd them already with his other Pill that makes Children froward, which is made of *Wild-Fire*, *Lapis Infernalis*, *Ignorantia Fulminans*, and the Juice of *Aſps* —— But to return to *Poland*, by the way of the *Hague*, where 'tis ſaid, That the King of *Sweden* will have a Day ſet him by the Allies to withdraw his Troops from *Poland*, and in caſe he does not, they will force him to it; and that ſeveral *Proteſtants* are entred into an Alliance in Favour of King *Auguſtus*. What ſay you, Maſter, to this News?

Obſ. I ſay, if it were not for the Pride and Ambition of Princes we ſhould have a very Peaceable World: What Armies have we now on Foot to Reduce one Vain-Glorious Proud Monarch to Reaſon, who can content himſelf with no leſs Title than that of *Univerſal Monarch?* How many Thouſand Men are kill'd in one Campaign to Curb the Inſolence of that Aſpiring Son of *Luciſer*; like *Lucifer* let him fall into utter *Perdition*, his Time ſeems near at an End, and his Empire trembles underneath his Feet, and I hope, in a few Years, we ſhall find Deſtruction Written on the Gates of all his Palaces.

'Tis a ſerious Conſideration to think how many Lives are loſt for the ſake of *Ambition*, for to ſerve the *Exorbitant Deſires* of one ſingle Tyrant: How many Souls on this Account are ſent into *Eternity* in one Day, for every one of which our Saviour Dy'd, and for whoſe Lives the Tyrant of *France*, in a ſhort Time, muſt be anſwerable.

The Blood ſpilt in the *North* muſt alſo be accounted for. That War on the part of *Sweden* was juſt in the beginning, but Succeſs hath brought it to *Ambition*; and as *France* would make their Tyrant the Monarch of the *South*, I am afraid the other Deſigns to be the ſame in the *North*; but, bleſſed be God, the Confederates are yet Capable of giving Peace; and *Sweden* very well knows, that Her *Brittanick* Majeſty, but a ſhort Time ago, eas'd that Kingdom of a Neighbour, that was enough troubleſome; and *Sweden* may in Time find that the Tables may be turn'd upon it ſelf. —— What News more?

Country-m. No more Foreign News worthy of your Notice.

Obſ. What Home News then?

Country-m. Little of that too; and therefore, pray, Sir, give me your Opinion of the poor Peoples Caſes that I brought you; What muſt the poor *Dutchman* do in *Clerkenwell*, that is Perſecuted by the *Lamp-men?*

Obſ. His is one of the hardeſt Caſes that ever came to my Hands; I wiſh it were convenient to Publiſh it to the World. The Man I perceive is neither a *Perkinite* nor *Papiſt*, he is alſo Naturaliz'd and has paid a large Sum to the Government in Taxes: I don't at all admire at his ill Uſage from ſome Perſons he mentions; had he been a *Papiſt* he might have fared better. But the Lamp-Men being the Cauſe of his ill Uſage, he ought to make them Refund him his Charges.

Country-m. Aye, but they are a Society, and he is but a Single Man.

Obſ. 'Tis no matter for that: My Advice is, That the Perſon do get the Act of Parliament for Eſtabliſhing the Company of Light-Headed Gentlemen, commonly known by the Name of *Lamp-men*: In that Act he will find a Penalty on thoſe People, if they do not Light their Lamps at a certain Hour, and keep them Burning till a certain Hour. I have Read the Act formerly, but the Particulars are now out of my Head; but, as I remember, it is Forty Shillings for every Lamp not Burning according to the Limitations in the ſaid Act, and one Half to the Informer; the Forfeiture is as eaſily got as the Lamp-Money, and therefore this Man has nothing more to do but to Walk the City at Night, take Notice of the Lamps not Burning, or not Lighted in due time, and make Affidavit thereof before a Juſtice of Peace, and in a ſhort time he will Reimburſe himſelf of the Charge he has been at.

Country-m. Well, what ſay you now to the Pipe-Maker in *White-Chappel*, that was Committed to *Newgate* for ſixteen Days without Bail, by the Deputy-Lieutenants of the *Tower Hamblets*?

Obſ. The Deputy-Lieutenants may Commit for Twenty Days, and ſo they were kind in abating him four.

Country-m. But do you think he was Juſtly Committed.

Obſ. Let him look to that, and the Perſons that Committed him.

Country-m. But what Advice do you give the Poor Man?

Obſ. You are miſtaken, 'tis not this Mans Caſe only, 'tis the Caſe of the whole Hamblets; every Houſe-Keeper in the Hamblets is liable to the ſame Abuſes; and therefore I would Adviſe 'em to Petition the Parliament, where, I am ſatisfied, ſo groſs an Abuſe will be redreſs'd: But tell the Pipe-Maker from me, that he's ſerv'd in his kind, who gave his Precious *Jewel* of a Captain ſo many Meals Meat, when he had not a Bit of Bread: You ſee the Fate of Men, and the Virtue of Offices, when a Poor Fellow ſhall riſe ſo high, as under a Commiſſion to Beat an Old Man, that has help'd keep him from Starving.

Country m. I'll e'en get an Office too: Come, Maſter, it grows late, let us Drink one Health to the new Lord Mayor, and ſo to Bed.

Obſ. I'll Pledge thee with all my Heart.

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